The *Ante Cristo—li chamaeleon!*

E eles te chamarão de Leão—a sombra e a luz, o Rei Camaleão!

PARARAIO
BOOK II
2026

"To man I come, the number of
A man my number, Lion of Light;
I am The Beast whose Law is Love. Love under will, his royal right —
Behold within, and not above, One star in sight !"
Aleister Crowley, *One Star In Sight*

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PARARAIO, BOOK II—*li chamaeleon;* *#34, por li Magna Bestia que hic es vive!*

Circumstance

"You will separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the dense, sweetly, and with great skill. It rises from earth into heaven and again it descend to the earth, and takes in the power of things both high and low. Thus you will have the glory of the whole world. Thus will obscurity flee from you. Of all strength, this is true strength, as it will conquer all that is subtle and penetrate all that is solid."
Hermes Trismegistus.

"I am the All, for all that exists for me is a necessary expression in thought of some tendency of my nature, and all my thoughts are only the letters of my Name.
I am the One, for all that I am is not the absolute All, and all my all is mine and not another's; mine, who conceive of others like myself in essence and truth, yet unlike in expression and illusion.
I am the None, for all that I am is the imperfect image of the perfect; each partial phantom must perish in the clasp of its counter- part, each form fulfil itself by finding its equated opposite, and satisfying its need to be the Absolute by the attainment of annihilation."
Aleister Crowley, *Magick In Theory And Practice.*

"The ignorant man goes no further than the concept of God as an old man with a long white beard who sat on a golden throne and gave orders for creation. The scientist will go back a little further before he is compelled to draw a veil called the ether; and the philosopher will go back yet further before he draws a veil called the Absolute; but the initiate will go back furthest of all because he has learnt to do his thinking in symbols, and symbols are to the mind what tools are to the hand-an extended application of its powers."
Dion Fortune, *The Mystical Qabalah*.

The absolute truth illuminates unto us by means of circumstantial consequence which we then assess using bias, fragmenting the absolute into partiality. And so were the MAN and gods forged from partiality in the extremes. If every extreme force has an equally extreme opposing force, introduction of a new extreme force of greater magnitude would therefore propel the opposing forces into equilibrium until they are, at some point, the same force, potentially of greater magnitude. Extreme Polarity describes this.

It is seemingly believed that our consciousness and potentially unconsciousness can never attain absolute truth during existence. The opening of the consciousness at birth and the opening of the unconsciousness at death suggests otherwise.

If circumstances defines the partial truths so that its collective is the absolute, the ablation of circumstance is an absolute. And so it is true that the absence of circumstance is seemingly inconceivable to man. What remains in the carcass of circumstance—potential?

Speaking of carcasses, If nothing else, in death, the kinetic energy that ceases to be, at least in its present potential, is trapped in this vacuum until its potential is repurposed, in birth, where it is borrowed by another. How depressing! If we mirror the spirit world I suspect the spirit evolves in

a similar way. How horrible to perceive our spirit as finite!

The fly with the striped wings

"The esotericist, when endeavouring to formulate his philosophy for communication to others, is confronted by the fact that his knowledge of the higher forms of existence is obtained by a process other than thought; and this process only commences when thought is left behind. Consequently it is only in that region of consciousness which transcends thought that the highest form of transcendental ideas is known and understood; and it is only to those who are able to use this aspect of consciousness that he can communicate his ideas in their original form. When he wants to communicate these ideas to those who have had no experience of this mode of consciousness, he must either crystallise them into form or fail to convey any adequate impression."
Dion Fortune, *The Mystical Qabalah*.

There is a fly that has striped and colorful wings. I had never stopped to admire a fly before. But this was a beautiful fly. It woke me up from a nap when it landed on my hand. I was glad I saw its beautiful wings and that I did not swat it away. After sometime, the fly gently flew away from my hand and landed in front of me. It knew I was admiring it and it seemed to enjoy to be admired. The more I admired the striped and colorful wings the more I wanted to remember it. I considered to pluck the wings off so that I could keep it. But instead I just watched it fly away. It looked pretty flying. And I was happy that it was pretty flying. And even though I said I was happy, I was sad for a moment because it would never be mine. And then I was relieved that it flew away. And then I was relieved that I had admired it. And then I was relived that it had paid me a visit at all.

Who am I?

I entertain lies and watch them transform true. I entertain truth and watch them transform false.

Who am I?

I am bound by a mortal shell that must be excited and disturbed by chaos to catalyze my potential in another state. I attempt to absorb energy before surrendering. I also attempt to surrender before absorbing energy. Nonetheless I am consumed and then spat out anew. I feel beautiful to be nature! I admire the Conduits of energy—both within and without. When I slow my orbit I see the burst and the flash! And every time I do it, I yell, "Isn't that a miracle— we are lightning!"

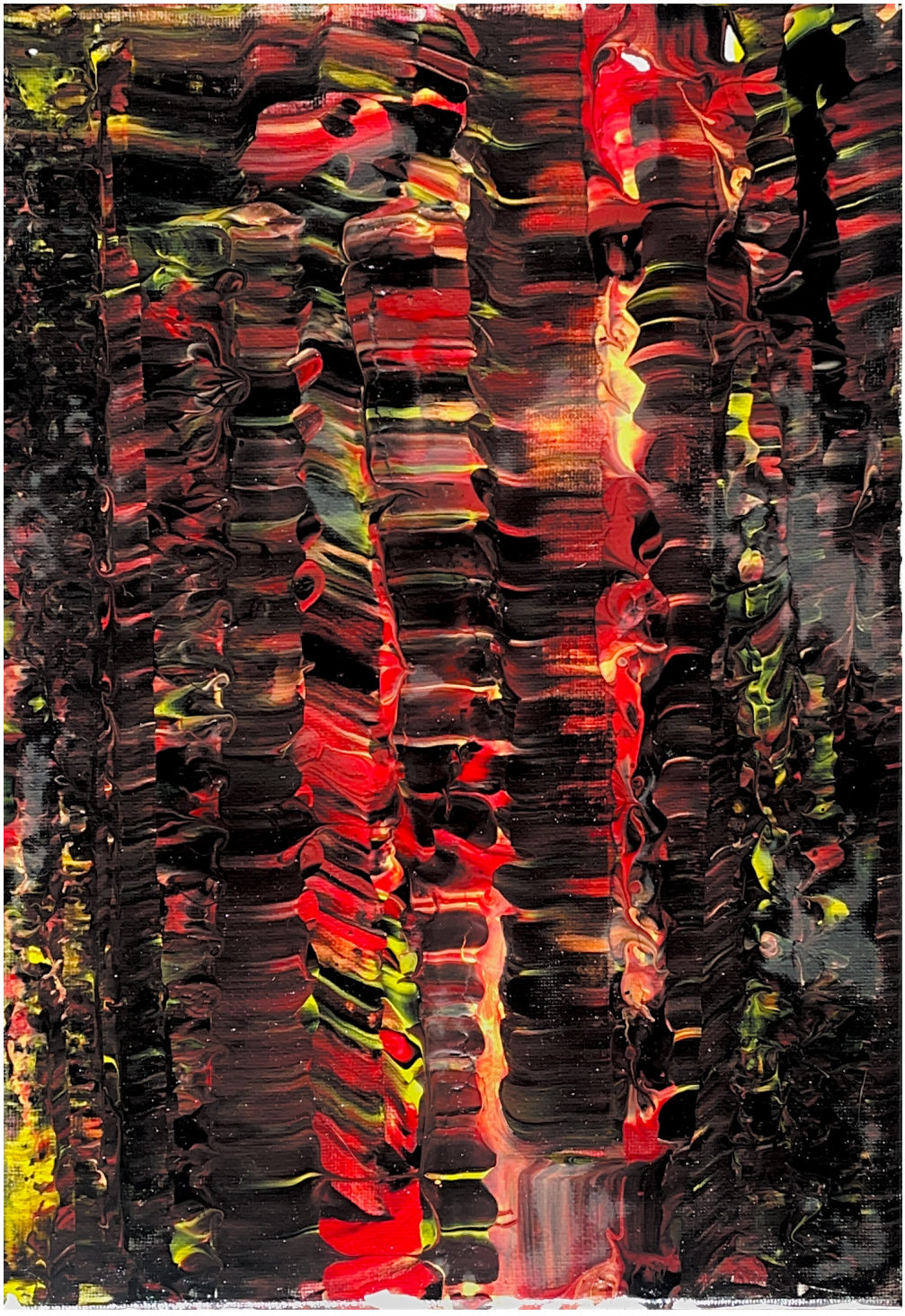
Sometimes when I shatter, All I see is Black— but I don't mind because I can see translucent!

Sometimes when I shatter, All I see is White— but I don't mind because I can see Red!

Who am I?

"Behold! I am Yesterday, To-Day and the Brother of Tomorrow. Behold, He is in me, and I in him! therefore do all things obey my Word. Therefore do thou come forth unto me."
Aleister Crowley, *Magick In Theory And Practice.*

"The "kingdom of God" is not something that men wait for: it had no yesterday and no day after tomorrow, it is not going to come at a "millennium"—it is an experience of the heart, it is everywhere and it is nowhere. This "bearer of glad tidings" died as he lived and *taught—not* to "save mankind," but to show mankind how to live. It was a *way* of *life* that he bequeathed to man: his demeanour before the judges, before the officers, before his accusers—his demeanor on the *cross*."
Friedrich W. Nietzsche, *The Antichrist.*



ABSOLVING YOU

“I remember once hearing a man, who was an adept if ever there was one, say,
"If you want to know what God is, I can tell you in one word: God is pressure."
Dion Fortune, *The Mystical Qabalah*.

Transfer your sins to me in dream
Reveal to me the depths of your abyss
Transfer your sins to me in dream
I will wear your chains
The invisible chains that enslave you in Malkuth
I will transform your pressure
The paralyzing pressure that eradicates your spirit
In your tomb of ignorant rest
In your tomb of blissful blasphemy
Reveal to me the filth that brings peace to your unconsciousness
Reveal to me the secrets that bring shame to your consciousness
Reveal to me the lies you must recite to conceal your desires
Confess to the path of gluttonous lust that you walk
Speak with the tongue you yield against Truth
Transfer your sins to me in dream
And you will walk in peace
And you will walk in freedom
I will carry your darkness with me in the light
The dark and bright
Transfer your sins to me in dream
And I will understand you
And I will see you
And when you see me
You will see what I have absolved for you
And you will hate me
As you hate yourselves

Fear *not* an untamed Spirit—fear the *absence* of! How nauseating to lock *eyes* with an empty vessel. If I am here—*where* are you?

Much evil I have seen
Though it came not from me
So I could not intervene
In all the evil I have seen

THE DEVIL
"Here the word "devil" was a blessing: man had to have an omnipotent and terrible enemy—there was no need to be ashamed of suffering at the hands of such an enemy."
Friedrich W. Nietzsche, *The Antichrist.*

Who really is "—the Devil (lived, spelled backward) [or] Satan (Saturn governs the bowels)."
Dr. George W. Carey, *The Anti-Christ.*

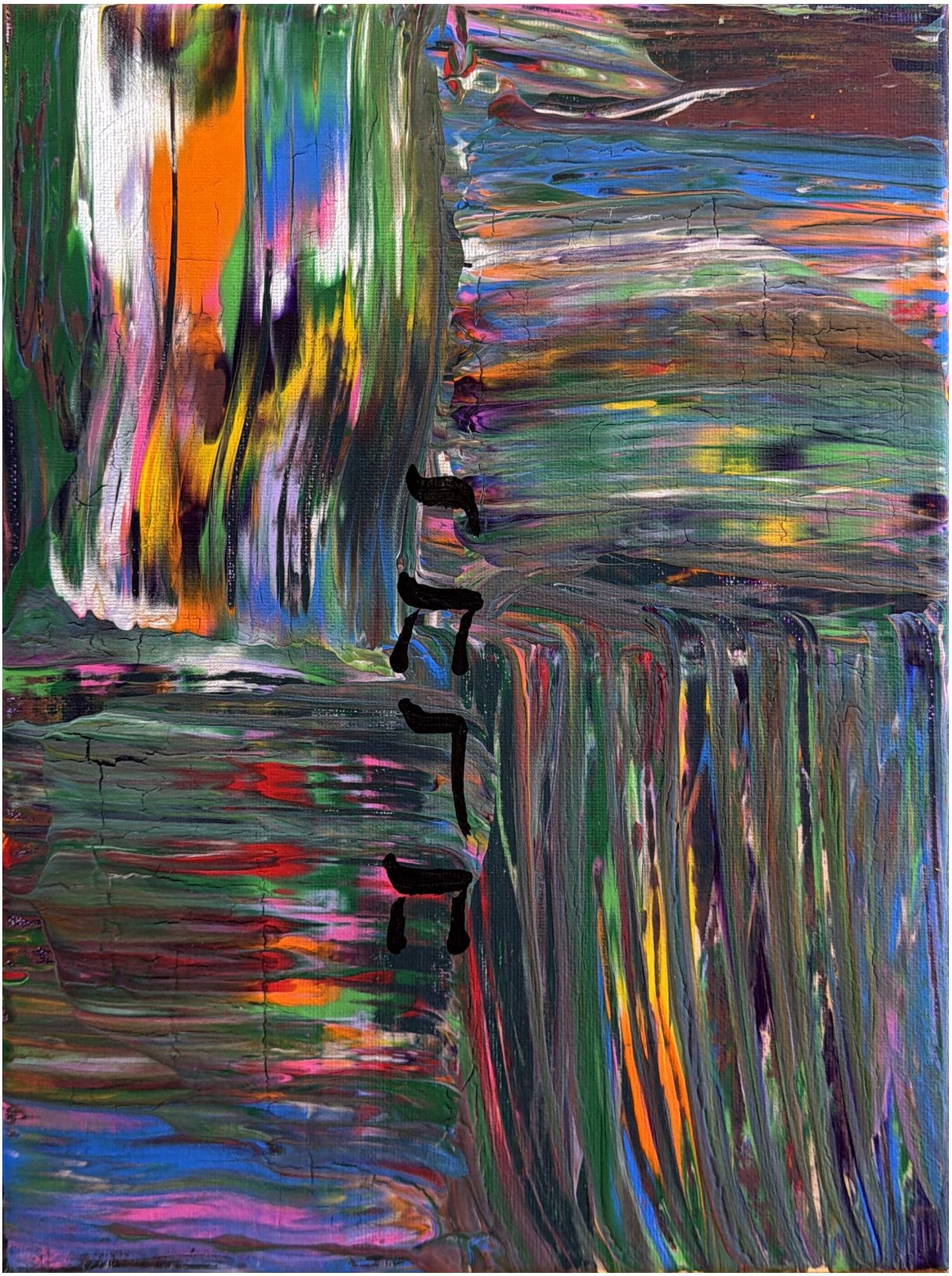
They were always right—I never stay *because* I never leave—and so, must I always be, ever so quick on my feet!

I am The Consumption, The Metabolism, and The Excretion.
I am The Past, The Present, and The Future.

I am the shadow of Christ—a twin!

Yet,

Since I have always been—I am *ante*-Christ.
Conjoined with Christ, I propel Him to *first* exist and *then* to be Reborn as THE LIVED shadow!
Then, CHRIST again, *and* again.
And He reciprocates.
I am a mischievous miraculous liberator!
I am the shadow of Christ—a twin!— by Willful Love!
I am the *dragon* that forbids Self-Sacrifice!
I am the *eagle* that demands rebirth!
I *am* endured continuity!
I *am* excruxiating magnetism!



The Garden
“In him war is declared on life, on nature, on the will to live! God becomes the formula for every slander upon the “here and now,” and for every lie about the “beyond”! In him nothingness is defied, and the will to nothingness is made holy!”
Friedrich W. Nietzsche, *The Antichrist.*

Without a discriminant Purpose, Lilith is but the bitter Hera and Adam but the gluttonous Zeus—and so is she Eve and he Lilu.
They are but *piranhas* that feed off and repopulate their own kin in their incestual ocean of bliss
—What a garden!
Absolutely plagued by Spiritual vermin!
Which kin will they select as their Savior, the one to reject Pleasure for Purpose, in their names
—the Manifesters themselves!
Who will be their selected cross bearer, their *Sacrificante*?

The one that transforms;
The Snake
Then,
Lilith is Eve and is Hera.
Lilu is Adam and is Zeus.

Then,
The once greedy King, now the Snake—SATAN,
Breaks a piece of his immortal Spine in the shape of an S,
And bestows it to his Queen— his apple— SATANS (or, SATAN(AS), satan-es; Satan, you are!).

Then,
Was he Demon, Man, and God!
Through his Force which he yields to her Form!

The flesh was hot
The spirit was desperate

And then it was red
And then it was peace

And then it was silent
And then it was black
And then it was reborn

And the ribs were gold
And the abdomen was iron
And the heart was ruby

And the eyes haloed white
And the mind reflected God
And the feet reflected Satan
And the vessel reflected Divinity

In nature by the serpent!
By nature in the serpent!
It is immortalized!

RICHARD REALF'S—**HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG?**
Richard Realf's Free-State Poems

"How long, O Lord, how long
Must fettered Freedom writhe beneath her chains,
And send the wailing of the captive's song
Across the purple plains?

How long, O Lord, how long
Shall Slavery's bloodhounds hold her by the throat,
And her life reel beneath the dripping thong
Of Hell's Iscariot?

How long, O Lord, how long
Shall she be haunted, homeless, through the earth ;
Nor thou—Just One—against the crimson wrong
Launch Thy broad lightnings forth?

O, have Thine eyes not seen
With what high trust she bore her bitter shames;
Nor marked how calm and Godlike and serene
She stood amid the flames?

O, have Thine ears not heard
Her long low gasp of inarticulate prayer,
When livid hate, with redly reeking sword,
Has clutched her by the hair?

O, didst Thou not look down
Upon her cruel buffetings of scorn,
And watch her temples stream beneath the crown,
Made of the mocking thorn?

And dost Thou not discern
How the fierce, pitiless rabble casteth lots
For her white robes—alas! so rent and torn,
And smeared with purple spots?

O, when she held the cup
On those wild nights of her Gethsemane;—
Father in Heaven, did she still not look up,
Firm and unmoved—to Thee?

And when the bloody sweat
Oozed from the blue veins of her shuddering limbs,
Was not the burning clasp of agony met
With calm triumphant hymns?

O, if she be Thy child,
And Thou art God, burst now this dread eclipse,
And let her pass forth free and undefiled,
With Thy breath on her lips."

Time
"Not faith, but acts; above all, an *avoidance* of acts, a different *state of being*…. States of consciousness, faith of a sort, the acceptance, for example, of anything as true."
Friedrich W. Nietzsche, *The Antichrist.*

What would I do differently today if I was to die tomorrow?
What would I do differently everyday If I was to endure forever?

Peace Beseeched
"The body will receive and embrace its soul ; since the body is affected with extreme desire for the soul, and the soul is most perfectly delighted with the embrace of the body."
Paracelsus, *The Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus.*

In love was hope
In night was betrayal
In morning was sorrow

In hope was love
Sleepless nights
Restless mornings
Sweat ridden nights
Shivering mornings

Peace be besought!
Endurance, beseeched!
Spiritual sedation, bestowed!

In love was hope
In night was betrayal
In morning was sorrow

In hope was love
Sleepless nights
Restless mornings
Sweat ridden nights
Shivering mornings

Laughing
"It would never occur to anyone to produce fraudulent psychic phenomena unless there had been some genuine psychic phenomena to act as a pattern for the forgery."
Dion Fortune, *Psychic Self-Defense.*

In the extremity of Pain, desperation and relief are synonymous, and it is felt through the *laugh*.

To Laugh which is synonymous to, *To Cry*,

under an elemental extreme, water,

by the physical senses.

When It Goes
"But his disciples were very far from *forgiving* his death—though to have done so would have accorded to the Gospels in the highest degree; and neither were they prepared to *offer* themselves, with gentle and serene calmness of the heart, for a similar death."
Friedrich W. Nietzsche, *The Antichrist.*

When warmth was gone
so was touch
and so was comfort
and rest

When cold was gone
so was dignity
and so was ambition
and glory

When hope was gone
so was pain
and so was dream
and future

When love was gone
so was godliness
and so was honor
and virtue

When spirit was gone
so was light
and so was shadow
and vision

When trust was gone
so was companionship
and so was sacristy
and peace

When longing was gone
so was life
and so was knowledge
and purpose

Seven Bullets

"He must have an inclination, born of strength, for questions that no one has the courage for; the courage for the *forbidden;* predestination for the labyrinth. The experience of seven solitudes. New ears for new music. New eyes for what is most distant. A new conscience for truths that have hitherto remained unheard. *And* the will to economize in the grand manner—to hold together his strength, his enthusiasm. Reverence for self; love of self; absolute freedom of self."
Friedrich W. Nietzsche, *The Antichrist.*

"I experienced a pleasure,
Such a highly-flavored pleasure,
Such intoxicating pleasure,
That I drank of it like wine;
And my mortal soul engages
That no spider on the pages
Of the history of ages
Felt a rapture more divine."
- James Whitcomb Riley, *A Dream.*

"The priest himself is seen as he actually is—as the most dangerous form of parasite, as the venomous spider of creation…The concepts "the other world," "the last judgement," "the immortality of the soul," the "soul" itself: they are all merely so many instruments of torture, systems of cruelty, whereby the priest becomes master and remains master."
Friedrich W. Nietzsche, *The Antichrist.*

Most go their entire lives articulating the expression of a concept based on its absence.
Is it because in *its* surplus, we no longer feel the desire to articulate *it*?
Is it because, subsequently, in *its* absence, it is too Painful to remember *its* surplus?

It isn't hope that lets us crawl into and out of the *abyss*—its chance. How fair!

Hope is but a comfort given to soothe the mortal perception of immortal Beauty. What a gift!

A gift that helps us forget about the abyss!

Who dares to endure hope in hopelessness?

Who dares to endure hopelessness in hope?

Those willing to endure chance!

If chance *is* Roulette—we must be the seven-fold bullet!

1
2
3
4
1
L M R 1/2/3
6 6 6
0
1
10
1/2
10

“Through me you pass into the city of woe : Through me you pass into eternal pain : Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved : To rear me was the task of power divine, Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon,
ye who enter here.”
Dante Alighieri, *Dante’s Inferno.*

“And I mocked them like a demon--
A demoniacal demon
Who delights to be a demon
For the sake of sin alone;”
James Whitcomb Riley, *A Dream.*

Come from in and come from out!
Oh yes! The gods are cruel!
But with enough wine— everything tastes like beef!

“Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.”
Edgar Allan Poe, *The Bells.*

peccatum nativitas—morten misericors—splendida renascentia

The *Ante Cristo—li chamaeleon!*